

JOVI ELEUTHERIO:

R. Jupiter

OR, AN

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15

OFFERING

TO

LIBERTY.

*Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibi que imperiosus;
Quam neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Resistere cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis; et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus.*

HOR. SECT. LIB. II. SAT. 7.



L O N D O N :

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[Price One Shilling.]

JOHN ELLIOT

OR

OF THE

LIBERTY

Y. T. Y.
By the author, John Elliot, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law.
LONDON: Printed by J. B. Smith, in the Strand, 1795.
The Author's Address is, No. 11, St. James's Street, London.

By the author, John Elliot, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law.
And accompanied by a new and improved edition of the
Y. T. Y.

No Power, or Time, or Space, or any other thing, can be without it;
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JOVI ELEUTHERIO:

Or, an Offering to

LIBERTY.

HAIL LIBERTY! whose Presence glads th' Abode
Of Heav'n itself, Great Attribute of God!

By Thee sustain'd, th' Unbounded Spirit runs,
Moulds Orbs on Orbs, and lights up Suns on Suns;

By Thee sustain'd, in Love unwearied lives, 5
And uncontrou'd creates, supports, forgives:

No Pow'r, or Time, or Space his Will withstood;
Almighty! Endless! Infinite in Good!

" If so, why not communicate the Bliss,
 " And let Man know what this great Blessing is?" 10
 Say what Proportion, Creature, wouldst thou claim ;
 As thy Creator's, in Extent, the same ?
 Unless his other Attributes were join'd
 To poise the Will, and regulate the Mind,
 Goodness to aim, and Wisdom to direct, 15
 What mighty Mischiefs must we thence expect ?
 The Maker knows his Work ; nor judg'd it fit
 To trust the rash Resolves of Human Wit :
 Which prone to hurt, too blind to help, is still
 Alike pernicious, mean it Good or Ill. 20

A *Whim*, t' Improvements making fond Pretense,
 Would burst a System in Experiments ;
 Sparrows and Cats indeed no more should fear,
 But *Saturn* tremble in his distant Sphere :

Give thee but footing in another World, 25

Say, *Archimedes*, where should we be hurl'd?

A spritely *Wit*, with Liquor in his Head,

Would burn a Globe to light him drunk to Bed:

Th' *Epheſian* Temple had escap'd the Flame, 29

And Heav'n's high Dome had built the Madman's Fame.

The *Sullen* might, when Malice boil'd within,

Strike out the Stars to intimate his Spleen:

Not Poppy-heads had spoke a *Tartar* croak,

Nature's chief Spring had broke, and all been lost.

Nor leſs destructive would this Licence prove, 35

Tho' thy Breast flam'd with *Univerſal* Love.

In vain were thy *Benevolence* of Soul,

Soon would thy *Folly* diſconcert the whole.

No Rains, or Snows ſhould diſcompoſe thee,

But Flow'rs and Sun-ſhine drain the weary Soul.

No Clouds should fully the clear Face of Day ;

No Tempest rise, --- *to blow a Plague away.*

Mercy should reign untir'd, unstain'd with Blood ;

Spare the frail Guilty, --- *to eat up the Good :*

In their Defence, rise, sacred Justice, rise, 45

Awake the Thunders sleeping in the Skies,

Sink a corrupted City in a Minute.

--- *Wo ! to the Righteous Ten who may be in it !*

Pick out the Bad, and sweep them all away.

--- *So leave their Babes to Cats and Dogs a Prey.* 50

Such Pow'r, without God's Wisdom and his Will,

Were only an Omnipotence of Ill.

Suited to Man can we such Pow'r esteem ?

Fiends would be harmless, if compar'd with Him.

Say then, shall All his Attributes be given ? 55

His Essence follows, and his Throne of Heaven ;

His

His very Unity. Proud Wretch! shall He
Un-god himself to make a God of Thee?

How wide, such *Loss* of Liberty confounds!
Would less content thee, prudent mark the Bounds
“ Those which th’ Almighty Monarch first design’d,
“ When his Great Image seal’d the Human Mind,
“ When to the Beasts the fruitful Earth was given,
“ To Fish their Ocean, and to Birds their Heaven,
“ And All to Man; whom full Creation, stor’d
“ Receiv’d as it’s Proprietor, and Lord
“ E’er Earth, whose spacious Tract unmeasur’d spread,
“ Was slic’d by Acres and by Roads to Shreds:
“ When Trees and Streams were made a General Good,
“ And not as Limits, meanly to exclude
“ When All to All belong’d; e’er Power was
“ By number’d Troops, or Wealth by counted Gold;

“ E’er

"E'er Kings, or Priests their Tyranny began,

"Or Man was vassal'd to his Fellow-Man.

O *Halcyon* State! when Man begun to live! 75

A Blessing worthy of a God to give!

When, on th' unspotted Mind, his Maker drew

The Heav'nly Characters, correct and true.

All *useful Knowledge*, from that Source, supply'd,

No Blindness sprung from *Ignorance* or *Pride*; 80

All *proper Blessings*, from that Hand, bestow'd,

No Mischief, or from *Want* or *Fulness* flow'd;

The quick'ning Passions gave a pleasing Zest,

While thankful Man *submitted* to be blest:

Simplicity was *Wisdom*, Temperance *Health*, 85

Obedience *Pow'r*, and full Contentment *Wealth*.

So Happy once was Man! till the vain Elf

Shook off his Guide, and set up for Himself.

Smit with the Charms of Independency,

He scorns Protection, raging to be free. 90

Now, *self-expos'd*, he feels his naked State,

Shrinks with the Blast, or melts before the Heat;

And blindly wanders, as his Fancy leads,

To starve on Wastes, or feast on pois'nous Weeds.

Now to the savage Beasts an obvious Prey, 95

Or crafty Men, more savage still than They:

No less imprudent to his Breast to take

The Friend Unfaithful, or th' envenom'd Snake;

Equally fatal, whether on the Nile,

Or in the City, weeps the Crocodile. 100

Nor yet less blindly deviates *Learned Pride*,

In *Ætna* burn'd, or drown'd amid the Tide;

Boasts of superior Sense, then raves to see

(When contradicted,) Fools less wise than He;

Mates with his great Creator, vainly bold 105
 To make new Systems, or to mend the old;
 Shapes out a Deity; doubts, then denies;
 And, drunk with Science, curses God and dies.

Not Heav'nly Wisdom, only, is with-held;
 But the *free Bounty* of the self-sown Field: 110
 No more, as erst, from Nature's ready Feast,
 Rises the satisfy'd, but temp'rate Guest;
 Cast wild abroad, no happy Mean preserves;
 By Choice he *surfeits*, by Constraint he *starves*;
 Toils Life away upon the stubborn Plain, 115
 T' extort from thence the slow reluctant Grain;
 The slow reluctant Grain procur'd to-day,
 His less industrious Neighbour steals away;
 Hence Fists and Clubs the Village Peace confound,
 Till Sword and Cannon spread the Ruin round; 120

For

For Time and Art but bring from Bad to Worse:
 Unequal Lots succeed unequal Force,
 Each Lot a several Curse. Hence Rich and Poor:
 This pines, and dies neglected at the Door;
 While Gouts and Fevers wait the loaded Mese, 125
 And take full Vengeance for the Poor's Distress.

No more the Passions are the Springs of Life;
 But Seeds of Vice, and Elements of Strife;
 Love, social Love, t' extend to ~~all~~ design'd,
 Back to its Fountain flows, to *Self* confin'd: 130
 Source of Misfortunes! the fond Husband's Wrong,
 The Maid dishonour'd, and deserted Young!
 The Mischief spreads, when Vengeance for the Lust
 Unpeople's Realms, and calls the Ruin just.
 Hence, *Troy*, thy Fate, the blood of Thousands spilt,
 And Orphans mourning for Unconscious Guilt. 136

Thus Love *destroys*, for kinder purpose giv'n,
And Man corrupts the Blessings meant by Heav'n.

Self-injur'd, let us censure HIM no more :

Ambition makes us *Slaves*, and Av'rice *Poor*. 140

What Arts the wild Disorder shall controul,

And render Peace with Virtue to the Soul ?

Out-reason *Interest*, balance *Prejudice*,

Give *Passion* Ears, and blinded *Error* Eyes ?

Arm the Weak Hand with Conquest, and protect 145

From Guile, the Heart too honest to suspect ?

For This, Mankind, by sad Experience taught,

Again their Safety in *Dependence* fought :

Prefs'd to the Standard, sued before the Throne ;

And durst rely on Wisdom not their own. 150

Hence *Saturn* rul'd in Peace th' *Ausonian* Plains,

While *Salian* Songs to Virtue won the Swains.

But

But pois'nous Streams must flow from poison'd
 Springs:
 The Priests were Mortal, and meer Men the Kings.

What Aid from Monarchs mighty to enslave? 155

What Good from Teachers cunning to deceive?

Allegiance gives defensive Arms away;

And *Faith* usurps imperial Reason's Sway.

Let *Civil Rome*, from faithful records, tell

What *Royal Blessings* from her *Nero* fell. 160

When those, prefer'd all Grievance to Redress,

Bought of their Prince a Licence to oppress;

When uncorrupted Merit found no place,

But left the Trade of Honour to the Base.

See Industry, by draining Imposts curst, 165

Starve in the Harvest, in the Vintage thirst!

In vain for help th' insulted Matron cries,

'Twas Death in Husbands to have Ears and Eyes:

Fatal

Fatal were Beauty, Virtue, Wealth, or Fame ;
 No Man in aught a Property could claim ; 170

No, not his Sex : strange Arts the Monster try'd,
 And *Sporus*, spite of Nature, was his Bride.

Unhurt by Foes proud *Rome* for Ages stands,
 Secure from all, but her *Protector's* Hands.

Recall your Pow'rs, ye *Romans*, back again ; 175

Unmake the Monarch, and ne'er fear the Man.

Naked, and scorn'd, see where the *Object* flies !

And, once *Un-caesar'd*, soon the Fidler dies.

Next, *Holy Rome*, Thy Happiness declare, 179

While Peace and Truth watch round the sacred Chair.

Peace ! - - - which from Racks and Persecution flows !

Mysterious Truths !—which every Sense oppose !

That God made Man, was all th' Unlearn'd could reach ;

That Man makes God, th' enlighten'd Fathers teach.

Men'

Men, blind and partial, need a Light divine ; 185
 Which Popes new trim, and teach it how to shine.
 Rude Nature dreads accusing Guilt, unknown
 The balmy Doctrine, that dead Saints atone :
 The careful Pontiff, merciful to save,
 Hoards up a Fund of Merit from the Grave ; 190
 And righteous Hands the equal Balance hold,
 Nor weigh it out, but to just Sums of Gold.
 Sole Judge, he deals his Pardon, or his Curse ;
 Not Heav'n itself the Sentence can reverse : 195
 Grac'd with his Sceptre, awful with his Rod,
 This Man of Sin usurps the Seat of God ;
 Disarm'd, and unador'd th' Almighty lies,
 And quits to Saints his Incense, and his Slices :
 No more the Object of our Fears, or Hope ;
 The Creature, and the Vassal of the Pope. 200
 " From

“From Fanes and Cities scar’d, fly swift away!”

---To the rude *Lybian* in his *Wilds* a Prey.

“The Blood-stain’d Sword from the fell Tyrant wrest!”

---Thousands unsheath’d shall threat thy *naked* Breast.

“The Dogmatist’s imperious Aid disdain!” 205

---So sink in *brutish* Ignorance again.

“Is there no Medium, must we Victims fall

“To *One* Man’s LUST, or to the RAGE of *All*?

“Is Reason doom’d a certain Slave to be,

“To *Our* blind PASSIONS, or a *Priest*’s DECREE?” 210

Hail happy *Albion*! whose distinguish’d Plains

This temp’rate Mean, tho’ dearly earn’d, maintains!

Senates (the Wills of Individuals check’d,)

The Strength and Prudence of the Realm collect ;

Each yields to All, that each may thence receive 215

The full Assistance which the Whole can give :

For

For This, thy *Patriots* Lawless Pow'r withstood,
 And bought their Children's *Charter* with their Blood.
 While reverend Years, and various-letter'd Age,
 Dispassion'd open the mysterious Page ; 220
 Not One alone the various Judgment sways,
 But Prejudice the General Voice obeys :
 For This, thy *Martyrs* wak'd the bloody Strife,
 Asserting *Truth* with brave Contempt of Life.
 Oh OXFORD ! let deliver'd *Britain* know 225
 From thy fam'd Seats her several Blessings flow.
 Th' accouter'd Barons, and assisting Knights,
 In Thee prepar'd for Council, or for Fights,
 Plan'd, and obtain'd her * *Civil Liberty* :
Truth found her fearless † *Witnesses* in Thee ; 230

* By the *Oxford-Provisions* A. D. 1258, at which time the Commons are supposed first to have obtain'd the Privilege of Representatives in Parliament.

† In the Imprisonment, Disputes and Sufferings of our first Reformers, *Cranmer*, *Ridley* and *Latimer* at Oxford A. D. 1554—6.

When, try'd as Gold, Saints, from thy tort'ring Pyres,
Rose up to Heav'n, *Elijah*-like, in Fires.

Peace to thy Walls! and Honour to thy Name!

May Age to Age record thy gathering Fame!

While thy still favour'd Seats pour forth their Youth,

Brave Advocates of Liberty and Truth! 236

In fair Succession rise to bless the Realm!

Fathers in Church, and Statesmen at the Helm!

“ But *factions* Synods thro' Resentment err; 240

“ And *venal* Senates Private Good prefer :

“ How wild the Faith which *wrangling* *Sophists* dispose!

“ The Laws how harsh of *pension'd* *Aye's* and *No's*!

Wilt thou by no Authority be aw'd,

Self-excommunicated, Self-outlaw'd?

Expunge the Creed, the Decalogue reject? 245

If they *oblige* not, nor will they *protect*.

You fear *no God* : - - - Convinc'd by what you say.

Knaves praise your Wit, and *swear* your Lands away.

Corrupt not Wives, erase it if you will;

The injur'd Husband blots out *do not Kill*. 250

From God his *Sabbaths* steal, for Sport, not Need;

Why hangs the Wretch, who *steals* thy Purse for Bread?

Or shall each *Schismatic* thy Faith new mould,

Or Senates stand by Patriot *Mobs* controul'd?

Drive back, ye Floods! roll, *Xanthus*, to your Spring!

Go, crown the People, and subject the King; 256

Break Rule to pieces, analyse its Pow'r,

And every Atom to its Lord restore;

As mixt with Knaves, or Fools, the Weak, or Brave,

A Dupe, a Plague, a Tyrant, or a Slave. 260

"What shall I do; how hit the happy Mean

"Twixt Blind Submission, and unwholy Spleen?"

Consult your Watch : you guide your Actions by't;

And great its Use, tho' not for ever right.

What, tho' some think implicit Faith be due, 265

And dine at Twelve if their Town-Clock strike Two?

Or others bravely squir their Watch away,

Disdain a Guide, and guess the Time of Day?

Their Guess so lucky, or their Parts so great, 170

They come on all Affairs, but just too late:

You *neither* choose. Nor, trav'ling thro' the Street,

Correct its Hand by every one you meet;

Yet scruple not, if you should find at *One*

It points to *Six*, to set it by the *Sun*.

Aim at the Bliss, that's suited to thy State,

Nor vainly hope for Happiness compleat; 175

Some Bounds imperfect Natures must include,

And Vice and Weakness feel Defects of Good.

Nor

Nor is it blind Necessity alone ;

Contriving Wisdom, in the whole, we own : 280

And in that Wisdom satisfy'd may trust,

In its Restraints, as merciful, as just.

By These thy selfish Passions it corrects ;

By These from Wrong thy Weakness it protects ;

In sovereign Pow'r Thy Safety's Heaven's design ; 285

Some Faults permitted, as the Scourge of Thine.

Aburd the Wish of All Men, if express'd ;

Each grieves, that He's not Lord of all the rest.

Why then should we complain, or thankless live ? O

Because not blest with more than God can give ?

Would you be safe from Others ? 'tis but due

That others also should be safe from You

It is not Virtue wakes the clam'rous Throng

Each claims th' exclusive Privilege, & throngs

Whence

Whence ceaseless Faction must embroil the Mad ; 295

Alike impatient, under A, or Zad.

How Patriot *Cromwell* fights for Liberty!

He shifts the Yoke, then calls the Nation free.

He cannot bear a *Monarch* on a Throne ;

But vindicates his Right - - - to rule alone, 300

Macheath roars out for Freedom in his Cell ;

And *Tindal* wisely would extinguish Hell.

Macheath's approv'd by All whom *Tyburn* awes,

And trembling Guilt gives *Tindal's* page applause.

O sage Device, to set the Conscience free 305

From Dread ! He winks, then says that Heav'n can't see.

Both blindly plan the Paradise of Fools,

Peace without Laws, and Virtue without Rules.

Full of the *Roman* let the School-boy quote,

And rant all *Lucan's* Rhapsodies by rote 310

Gods !

Gods! shall he tremble at a Mortal's Nod!
 His generous Soul disdains the Tyrant's Rod.
 Forc'd to submit, at length he tastes the Fruit;
 Finds Wealth and Honours blossom from its Root.
 Would thy young Soul be like the Roman free,
 From Romans paint thy Form of LIBERTY:
 The Goddess offers Gifts from either Hand;
 * Th' auspicious Bonnet, with the Prætor's Wand;
 The Privilege of *That* would'st thou not miss,
 Bend, and submit beneath the Stroke of *This*.
 See *Furioso* on his Keeper frown,
 Depriv'd the precious Privilege to drown;
 Greatly he claims a Right to his Undoing:
 The Chains that hold him, hold him from his Ruin.
 Kindly proceed; strict Discipline dispense;
 Till Water-gruel low's him down to Sense.

“ Why

In this Manner they represent LIBERTY on their Medals.

" Why this to Me? am I the froward Boy,

" Or Knave to wrong, or Madman to destroy?

Will thy Denial prove that thou art none?

'Tis *Newgate's* Logic: Thou art All in one. 330

Blind to their Good, to be instructed loth,

* Men are but Children of a larger Growth;

If no superior Force the Will controul,

Self-love's a Villain, and corrupts the Soul;

Wild and destructive Projects fire our Brains; 335

We are all Madmen, and demand our Chains.

Know your own Sphere, content to be a Man,

Well pleas'd to be as Happy as you *can*:

Lose not All Good, by shunning Ills in vain;

* 'Tis wiser to Enjoy than to Complain. 340

Some Evils must attend imperfect States;

But Discontent new Worlds of Ills creates.

Hush

* *Dryden, in All for Love,*

Hush thy Complaints, nor quarrel with thy God :
 If just the Stroke, approving kifs the Rod.
 By Man if injur'd, turn thy Eyes within ; 345
 Thou'lt find recorded some unpunish'd Sin ;
 Then Heav'n acquit ; and with regard to Man,
 Cooly th' amount of Good and Evil scan ;
 If greater Evils wait the wish'd Redress,
 Grieve not that thou art free to choose the Less. 350
 Unknown to Courts, Ambition's thirst subdu'd,
 My Lesson is to be *obscurely* Good ;
 In Life's still Shade, which no Man's Envy draws,
 * To reap the Fruit of Government and Laws.
 In Fortune's Round, as on the Globe, I know 355
 No top, no bottom, no where high or low ;
 Wherever station'd, Heav'n in prospect still,
 That point's to *me*, the *Zenith* of her Wheel.

D

"What !

• Legum idcirco servi sumus, ut liberi esse possimus. Cic.

“What! double-tax’d, unpension’d, unprefer’d,

“In *such bad Times* be Easie! most absurd! 360

Yet Heav’n vouchsafes the *daily Bread* intreated;

And these *bad Times* have left me free to eat it!

My Taxes, gladly paid, their Nature shift;

If just, *cheap Purchase*; if unjust, a *Gift*:

Nor knows Ambition any Rank so *Great*; 365

My *Servants* Kings and Ministers of State!

They watch my Couch, my humble Roof defend;

Their Toil the Means, my Happiness the End.

My Freedom ~~no~~ compleat, convinc’d I see

† Thy Service, Heav’n, is perfect LIBERTY. 370

The \$ Will, conform’d to thy Celestial Voice,

Knows no Restraint, for Duty is her *Choice*:

† Τῷ λόγῳ τῆς ἐπουλίας ἀξίον ἐστὶ μόνος ἐλευθέρως νομίζειν. PLUT. de Audit.

\$ Μόνος γὰρ, ὃ δὲ βάλειται, μόνον, ὃ βάλεται, ζῶσι. Ibid.

What Ills thou sendest, thankful I approve,
As kind Corrections, Pledges of thy Love:
In every Change, whatever Stage I run, **375**
My daily Wish succeeds; **THY WILL BE DONE.**
1117149

F I N I S.



(27)

What I'll then send, thankful I approve,
As kind Corrections, Pledges of my Love:
In every Change, whatever Stage I run,
My daily Will succeeds; Thy Will be done.

375

F I N I S

